

## self vivarium

Butterflies aren't supposed to feel anything when they go through metamorphosis.  
It makes me wonder if anything about me has really changed.  
I am constantly at odds with my own turbulence.

I wrote about it while wallowing in my own tears, how my tortuous  
frame becomes consumed. I'll wake up, sweating, in the middle of the night and feel deranged;  
Butterflies aren't supposed to feel anything when they go through metamorphosis.

In my darkest hours I wish I could be Eurydice being visited by my Orpheus.  
Nobody has ever tried to rescue me. It shows, I am unchanged:  
I am constantly at odds with my own turbulence.

I can feel my mistakes harbor, spilling wine across my breasts in carelessness.  
I indulge in cynicism and from my own reality I am estranged.  
Butterflies aren't supposed to feel anything when they go through metamorphosis.

During planetarium visits, I wonder what inspired the planets to be so candid with Copernicus.  
From time to time, Jupiter floats past. I was meant to be there, pulling destruction  
towards myself on purpose; my landing to Earth was an accident, something disarranged.  
This mistake may explain why I am constantly at odds with my own turbulence.

All I've ever wanted was to flutter timid wings, give my heart and brain time for an armistice.  
Everything that has ever tried to stop me from growing has become my own doubt, ingrained;  
Butterflies aren't supposed to feel anything when they go through metamorphosis  
yet I am constantly at odds with my own turbulence.

—*Amber Alexander*